# THE WEEKLY SUNBEAM.

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*Written for the Sunbeam.*]

## AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCES.

*Continued.*

I was far too excited to eat much, and besides the other boys had already finished their dinner before I came, so I fidgeted about till at last Mrs. H—— said, well I dare say you would like to go and have a talk together, so run off now. We needed no second bidding, and ran up to the drawing-room and then for the first time I was initiatad into the mysteries of school life. About "fagging" that to you American boys is unknown, but as I found out afterwards it was a decided reality. Every boy in the sixth Form as we called the biggest boys, or at least the most advanced in their studies, had a study or a little room to himself where he prepared all his lessons. We little boys or boys in the lowest forms as we called, what you call grades, had a study between two, and had to wait upon the bigger ones. Sweep their studies, fetch their parcels from the town, toast bread for them, bring hot water for them and black their boots. This seems strange to you, but I will guarantee there are very few Members of Parliament from Mr. Gladstone downwards or in the House of Lords, from the Duke of Wellington downwards, who have not done all this. But "fagging" is so well described in "Tom Brown's Schooldays" the best picture of school life that I ever read, that if you want it in detail, read that book. Also they told me what a sneak Jones the second master was but what a splendid fellow Mr. Chester the third was. Brownlow the principal was no end strict, but I tell you what, said Tom, the eldest boy, you bet he's kind if a fellow only tries, and don't do anything mean, and when I had Scarlet fever, I shall never forget how kind he and Mrs. Brownlow were. So on and on we chattered, till at last Mrs. H——— came in and sent us all off to bed, where in about ten minntes I was fast asleep.

I woke with that far-away-from-everyone-feeling that every one I suppose has felt as a boy and a good many as men, and as I went down the stair-case to breakfast I seemed to see my mother's face at every step, and how I missed the little things that I had never thought anything of before. My dog. My romp with my little brother. I remembered how I had hit him one day. Oh, Arthur, I thought, if I could only see you now, I'd never do it again. However, I got such a pleasant greeting from all at the breakfast table that I soon cheered up and in half an hour I had said goodbye to my kind friends and was bowling to an Inn called the Goat and Compasses where all the coaches for Northamptonshire used to start. In another half hour I was in the coach with my box of clothes, a basket with cake, oranges and all sorts of good things in it from Mrs. H——— and a new half sovereign from Mr. H——— and bowling merrily to the school where I was to make my

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start in life.

*To be continued*

## CARLYLE'S DISCOURTESY.

Carlyle's power in the better days of his career was due to the fact that he appealed to man's faith in the infinite and eternal. He taught reverence for truth, justice and nobleness. When he descended to inculcate the worship of mere sincerity and force, and to exalt the self-willed, ambitious Fredrick the Great as a hero, many of his disciples cease to admire him. Those who visited him discovered that the man had become dogmatic, overbearing and even brutal. An English writer tells an anecdote which exhibits the coarseness of Carlyle's nature. Leigh Hunt, the essayist and poet, was a chronic borrower, and Carlyle was among the friends from whom he occasionally sought pecuniary assistance. Carlyle used to keep on his mantelpiece three sovereigns in a small package. He would call the attention of his visitors to them, remarking that they were "Leigh Hunt's sovereigns," because whenever the poet applied for a small loan these were intended for him. "Hunt," says the writer, "would have lent him three thousand sovereigns had he possessed them, and never disclosed the circumstance."

A foreign correspondent of the Boston *Journal* tells an anecdote which exhibits Carlyle's conduct to people he did not like. W. H. Mallock, an English essayist and novelist, one day called upon Carlyle. Mr. Mallock, as was Carlyle, is a great talker, and on that evening, it is said, he left his host no opportunity to engage in the conversation, except as a listener. Carlyle invited Mallock to stay to tea, and afterwards had him in the library to smoke. When the guest took his leave, Carlyle accompanied him to the door, and said,—

"Well, goodbye! I've received ye kindly, because I knew your mother; but I never want to set eyes on ye again!"—*Youth's Companion.*

## CHARADE.

Fifty is my first, nothing is my second,
Five just makes my third, my fourth's a vowel reckoned;
Now, to fill my whole, put all my parts together,
I die if I get cold, but never mind cold weather.

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why do we buy shoes?

2. A Scotch friend requires an answer to the following: "What's the difference between my siller teapot which is stolen, and two rocks near Messina famed in classic story?

## ANSWERS.

### CHARADE.

A looking-glass.

### CONUNDRUMS.

1. A jest (M-ajest-y)!
2. In-sat-i-ate!
3. Because, it's the son's (sun's) reflection on a steady reign (rain)!
4. Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

## LOCAL NEWS.

—:o:—

During one of our warm days last week, Mr. Pauli went out for a good days fishing, but as good luck failed to reach him, he returned with but one, and feeling much the worse from the intense heat of the day.

The smaller boys at Locust Grove are constantly watching the cherry trees; although the cherries on them are half formed.

Mr. Akers has been busily employed for the past week in cutting down his volunteer crop.

Mr. Coghill left us for San Francisco early Thursday morning, after a quite unusually long stay.

Mr. Wilson while mowing down the weeds in the vineyard so that it could be more easily ploughed, found four dozen eggs.

The monthly dance postponed a week on account of May day, was given Friday evening in the usual dancing hall. The room was tastefully decorated with locust blossoms, in honor of Miss Margaret Williams' birthday, and presented a festive appearance. The order of dances was arranged as follows: Lancers, Polka, Waltz and Quadrille. This was interspersed with recitations and song. Margaret did the honors and her birthday cake was appreciated by all the young people.

We dare say that the Sonoma people are glad at the change the S. V. R. R. has made by making the trip in the morning, which affords them the opportunity in executing all their business transactions in a day.

Master King Gray who celebrated his birthday last Saturday, has managed to lose his numerous presents one by one.

At about eleven o'clock Saturday morning four excited young ladies, accompanied by Arthur, were seen flying up the road in quest of a certain suspicious looking sack, supposed to contain some live object, that had been seen on the roadside at an early hour the same morning. Curiosity lent speed to our steps, so on we rushed notwithstanding our hatless condition. As the sack was still there and its contents apparently as lively as ever, we approached with due caution, thinking we might become victims of some practical joke, but to our surprise and joy we found that it contained an animated chanticleer. We started homeward with our prize, thinking in the meantime what a delicious ragout was in store for us, when we suddenly encountered the owner who promptly identified his property, and explained its strange position by saying that while on his way to town the evening previous it had fallen from his buggy. We returned the lost property to its rightful owner and went home sadder, wiser, and what was hardest of all, empty handed.

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## WILLING TO GIVE WAY.

On the Jefferson avenue line, yesterday, a wowan of 50, made up to look about 22 years old, got aboard at a crossing to find every seat occupied. She stood for a moment, and then selecting a poorly-dressed man about 45 years of age, she observed:

'Are there no gentlemen on this car?'

'Indeed, I dunno,' he replied as he looked up and down. 'If there hain't and you are going clear through, I'll hunt up one for you at the end of the line!'

There was an embarrassing silence for a moment, and then a light broke in on him all of a sudden, and he rose and said.

'You can have this seat, madam, I am allus perfectly willing to give up my seat to anybody older than myself.'

That decided her. She gave him a look that he will not forget to his dying day, and grabbing the strap she refused to sit down, even when five seats had become vacant.

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